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THE METALS.

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THE REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE.

The session of the legislature just closing will be notable, not for the laws passed nor for the good accomplished, but for the spectacle it has offered of mis-representative government. This because the speaker of the house and a self-constituted committee of federal office-holders have dictated absolutely the bills that should pass and those that should not.

From the opening of the session, when the appointment of committees by the speaker was assumed by Spry and Callister and Hull, to the close of the session, when the same combination defeated the Galveston bills, side tracked college consolidation, commanded the passage of the fire and police commission bills and named the appointees for the state boards, the governor of Utah and both houses of the legislature have been dummies, puppets, weak manikins in the hands of men who hold no elective office, have no abiding interest in the welfare of the people and serve no one but themselves in any capacity.

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Occasionally the people of some other state break out in an uprising against what they call "bosses," the men who silently but powerfully dictate nominations, pass upon legislation, name public officials and absorb whatever emoluments they desire at the expense of the people. Here in Utah, the legislature willingly, cheerfully bends its neck to the yoke of the men who hold no warrant of authority from the voters, who neglect their federal duties to interfere with the will of the people, whose only prominence is self-assumed and obnoxious, who could not be elected to any office they might seek. No boss elsewhere would dare to let his hand be shown so plainly as Spry and Callister and Hull and Anderson show theirs; no boss who did it elsewhere would be tolerated longer than it would take to kick him out of the legislative cloak rooms, and ask for his removal from federal position.

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Imagine a free people submitting to the program that has been carried out this week. A senator of the Utah legislature takes his orders in writing from this federal steering committee, reads his orders to the senate from the memorandum given him by the bosses, and a subservient majority unquestioningly votes according to his memorandum.

Imagine any self-respecting constituency tolerating a speaker who refuses to permit a vote upon one of the most important measures before the house; who makes no reply to charges of conduct that ought to have warranted expulsion from the house if they were true; who arbitrarily refuses the commonest parliamentary rights to members of the house, and glories in the shame he has cast upon his office. Still worse, picture the cowardice of the house that tolerates such conduct, instead of ejecting the man who gives the exhibition.

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Both the senate and the house have had courageous men who refused to be driven like sheep by the federal syndicate of office brokers. The senate particularly, has been conspicuous for its defiance of outside interference, though at last a majority was found willing to take orders from Spry and carry out his wishes whether the people approved or not.

In the house a minority has made a good fight, and the Democratic members deserve special mention for their conduct throughout the session. Although in a hopeless minority, the Democrats have taken a prominent part in the discussions, they have been influential in the best results of the session, and they have been free from suspicion of truckling to the sinister influences that have played so prominent a role in the disgrace of the lower house.

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In purely routine matter both houses have neglected their work from day to day until the close of the session sees the accumulated business placed at the mercy of strangling committees, whose duty it is to smother legislation that is needed, but which the members are afraid to discuss. Days have been wasted in futile discussion of the consolidation measures, in the finally successful effort to kill the Galveston bills, in wrangles over petty affairs that should have been thrown into the waste basket. More attention has been paid to pin-headed plans for political advantage than for broad legislation to meet the needs of the public welfare. And the closing hours saw the senate tied up in debate over a fire and police measure which the best lawyers declare is unconstitutional, a measure for which there is no popular call and which is designed solely as an aid to Spry and Callister and Hull and Anderson in their plan to capture all the political forces of the state for their own benefit.

It is no exaggeration to say that this session has accomplished less good and done more harm than any session since Utah became a state. It developed a scandal in the state land board which should have resulted in the retirement of a majority of that body; the governor's answer to the scandal is the reappointment of the board. It developed expenditures of $85,000 beyond the legal appropriations, and the reply to that is an increase in taxation by every method that can be devised. Extravagance in every department of the state administration has been used, not as an argument for retrenchment, but as an excuse for still higher levies.

If there is a single thing to the credit of the administration or of this legislature that can be cited with pride, it has escaped popular notice in the mass of performance that is disgraceful where it is not discreditable.

A LOVEY CARTOON BOOK.

Friends of the late Alan L. Lovey, and the public generally will be glad to know that they soon will be given an opportunity to secure a part of his mose effective work in permanent form. A joint committee of members of the Press club and of the local lodge of Elks has taken up the matter of compiling into one handsome volume about 200 of the Lovey cartoons to be carefully selected and published in a form that will make them a welcome addition to any library.

There are to be two editions. The first to be an edition de luxe, printed on the finest paper and bound in limp leather or other attractive fashion. The number of copies of this edition will be limited and the name of each purchaser will appear in gilt letters on the outside cover. The edition de luxe will cost $25 per copy. The other edition will also be made as attractive as possible. It will cost $5 per volume.

The purpose of the work that is being undertaken by the joint committee is to establish a fund for the use and benefit of the widow and the mother of the artist. Every dollar of the revenue derived from the sale of this work will be set aside for them. The committee gives its services cheerfully and every effort will be made to raise as large a fund as possible. But it should by no means be understood that persons will be asked to subscribe as a charity. All who purchase the volume of cartoons will receive full value for their expenditure.

It is no exaggeration to say that practically all the people of Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming and Montana have enjoyed the Lovey cartoons. Thousands of them have doubtless expressed the wish, when they saw a cartoon that particularly pleased them, that they could have it in a form that could be preserved. Now they will have the opportunity. And at the same time they will have an opportunity to lighten, in some degree, the grievous burden that is being borne by the widow and infant child, and by the mother of the man who did so much during the all too brief time that he was permitted to continue his work, to make life seem worth while.

We believe the cartoon books will command a ready sale. This, not only because of their great intrinsic value, but because the raising of the fund will be at once a tribute to the memory of Alan L. Lovey and a testimonial that will stand for all time as an evidence of the regard in which he was held by those who knew him best.

Why no, Best Beloved, of course Chief Sheets doesn't hope to be able to connect W. H. Parrent with the robbery on Main street yesterday morning. The chief would be much grieved indeed if it should develop that Parrent had anything whatever to do with it.

It is reported that some of the citizens of Goldfield are carrying as many as four revolvers each. The weight of that much hardware ought at least prevent them from running in event of a disturbance.

General Booth, the Salvation army man, is not afraid of tainted money. He says he'll accept all that comes to him and use it in saving tainted souls. Do you know there's something in that, too?

Former Senator Burton of Kansas has learned at last that good behavior pays. Because he has made a model prisoner his term is to be shortened. Now will he be good when he gets out?

Roosevelt should call an extra session of congress and raise the Dingley rates at once. That's the great Republican remedy for hard times.

It will be a long time before some of the bunch will be called from the plow again to legislate for the people of Utah.

Your Uncle Russell Sage would have reaped a fine harvest in Wall street yesterday had he been still in the flesh.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they shall get it in the neck in the wild scramble for the almighty dollar.

It is with real pleasure that we announce that after a few hours it will be "back to the mines" for one Joseph.

"The Spoilers" Makes Tremendous Hit In New York.

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, March 15.—Tainted money is the subject of three plays put forth here this week. In the case of "The Spoilers" the theme exactly stated is a greed for gold, not coined into money, but as yet ore in an Alaskan mine. One of the recent fictional writings of fact was Rex Beach's story of governmental wrongs in our territory of Alaska—how the first courts there were utilized to take mines away from their owners and turn them over to authorized looters—how vigilantes thereupon displaced the formal processes of adjudication, and how a young man and a young woman, mutual lovers, had their hearts caught and crushed between the opposed forces. I remember to have read that Mr. Beech evolved the book from his own personal observation, so far as its exposure of political dishonor was concerned, after returning from Alaska, where he had lost a mine to the "spoilers;" but book publishers nowadays are like theatrical managers in employing agents to lie to the newspapers; so no one needed to believe that Mr. Beach had lost a gold mine in Nome, any more than that some actress had been robbed of a pint of diamonds in the Tenderloin. However, Mr. Beach stood before a Broadway audience, wriggling and twisting in the agonies of curtain-called transports of delight—he didn't look like a man who would—at least not under the stress of that moment of pleasurable torture—undertake to tell a lie. I should say that he would have told his real name, and all his aliases, if asked, and confessed to the hatcheting of a whole grove of cherry trees, if accused. He said that truth was back of the play which he and James McArthur had made out of his novel. So "The Spoilers" in the stage version may be accepted as a realistic drama of American life in our northwestern corner.

Am I right in locating Rex Beach as a resident of Chicago? Anyway, "The Spoilers" was first produced there at the Art-Sake's Fiasco theatre. The director, Mr. Mapes, tells me that "The Great Galesto," the dizzily high-art play which, of the whole repertory, pleased the season's subscribers most, as carrying out the uplifting design of the enterprise best, drew in less than a hundred dollars of the general public's money in an entire week, and that "The Spoilers," which the subscribers disliked for being merely an American melodrama, came nearer than any other of the productions to commercial prosperity. Daniel Frohman, the literary and artistic one of the Frohman brothers, has taken up "The Spoilers" as a reasonable theatrical venture, given an uncommonly fine outfit to it, and bravely offered it in melodrama-scorning Broadway. The look of it is that it will thrive. But I don't predicate that judgment on the enthusiasm of the first-night audience. Author Beach's friends rallied numerously. So did those of his collaborator, MacArthur. Most of those in the parquet who were not modish were Bohemianistic. I don't think that any other edge-of-civilization play has ever gathered such an audience of height in foreheads and fashions.

Ralph Stuart is the actor of Roy Glenister, the stalwart fellow who begins by saying "there's never a law of God or man that runs north of fifty-three," and so believing, begins to woo an Alaskan girl tourist brutishly, "like a bulldog hunting quail:" and I was amused to watch the audience's discovery of Stuart. He had been an idolized leading man of a stock company in Lexington avenue, also one in Eighth avenue, and he had toured starringly, yet Broadway felt itself critically acute to find in him an accomplished actor. He was called out with an enthusiasm that had a patronizing manner—an I-saw-him-first assertiveness—to which the actor bowed quite as though applause was a new and surprising delight to him, instead of being a twice-a-day experience for years. Not since Hackett thrust and slashed his way to popularity with a sword in "The Prisoner of Zenda," not even when Bellew wielded a blade for love in "A Gentleman of France," had that sort of a New York audience been so excited by a stage fight as this one was when Stuart thrashed the villain. And that was but one of many lively incidents transferred from the book to the play.

I haven't gone wrong if I have imparted the idea that "The Spoilers" is a whoop-yow, tough-stuff, mining-camp melodrama. Many plays of that character have been aimed west and southwest, but this is the first to point to the far northwest, and it hit the bull's-eye at the opening fire in New York with a sharp ding of the bell, because it had an emotional soul in its brawny body.

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The houses indicated by George Bernard Shaw, in giving the mock scriptural title of "Widowers' Houses" to the first play he ever wrote, and the twelfth to be performed in this city, are ramshackle, unsanitary tenements, such as London law used to permit rapacious landlords to pen squalid tenants in like pigs in stys. Their owner is a Pecksniffian church warden whom Dickens might have made a reformatory example; but whom Shaw, with an overweening desire to exploit himself, wastes in a drama of heartless cynicism. This accumulator of tainted money, played by Charles Hawtrey's elder brother, William, has a daughter prettily embodied by Effie Shannon, who enjoyes the luxuries which the money brings, with no thought of the shame of it. She has a lover, whom Henry Kohler renders manly of manner, and who at first breaks the betrothal because the girl won't decline an allowance from her father; but when he learns that his own income is doubled by an usurious mortgage on his prospective father-in-law's disgraceful property, he foregoes scruples, and takes the revenue. Herbert Kelcey delineates a thoroughly soulless friend and adviser of Kohler, and Ferdinand Gottschalk has a part. I give the actors' names to show that there is an ably expository cast.

This country has been talking about Rockefeller's money being so tainted by its trust sources that—perhaps—it ought not to be accepted in pious benefactions. This city has just been told again that Trinity church derives revenue from the ownership of just such bad houses for bad tenants as Shaw denounces. General Booth of the Salvation Army arrived here, a few days ago, to raise a fund for a humanity college, to train workers for the whole world's slums, and he says no money is too dirty for charity's tears to wash clean. If Shaw's play were but as convincing as it is timely! But it is not.

Permit me a paragraph to convict Shaw of insincerity. He wrote the first two acts of "Widowers' Houses," and lowered his second curtain on the high-minded declaration of the lover that he wouldn't marry his sweetheart unless she refused to take any of her father's ill-gotten wealth. Getting no encouragement to go on, the author put the manuscript aside for eight years. Then a London manager, who had raised some ado with Ibsen's "Ghosts," was in need of a disputatious play to follow. Shaw completed "Widowers' Houses" to supply what was wanted. Instead of keeping his hero steadfast as a loather of tainted money, he made him join his sordid father-in-law in a scheme to get more and nastier money. The author's change of purpose in his work is shown more plainly still in the character of a dismissed rent collector, a poor old fellow closely resembling—during the first and second acts—Dickens' pitiable old toymaker in "The Cricket on the Hearth;" and Ferdinand Gottschalk delineates him as pathetically as Joseph Jefferson ever did Caleb Plummer; but in the next act this old man reappears, not cringing in tatters as before, but assertive in fine clothes and gaury jewelry, for he has gone into despicable landlordism on his own account, and now he has an abominable real estate scheme, in which he is joined by his former employer and the hitherto honorably inclined lover. So the play ends without one of its individuals on the side of morality.

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In Shaw's other drama of the week, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the tainted money comes from houses vile with vice. The New York police stopped this play last year, a court now lets it go on, and we have proof positive that the public doesn't hanker for a nauseous dish once cooled and then warmed over. For the first New York representation, with a promise of official interference, the sidewalk price for a seat went up to $25. For the second, when there was to be no hindrance, the venders ran the rate down to a dollar for a ticket that had cost them two. Yet that talented Shawnese and Ibsenite actress, Mary Shaw, was to be the Mrs. Shaw, as before, and whatever appetite had been whetted for the mess remained ungratified. An uncertain business, that of the showman! Perhaps in the meanwhile the published play had been read generally, and had thus become a story whose staleness stank. Here as in "Widowers' Houses" there is a daughter for a lover to reject on account of her parent's method of making money; and again the author throws away an opportunity to derive a good lesson from a bad theme; but instead of that, he makes the young fellow nothing but selfish, the girl repellantly cold in her purity, and the unashamed Mrs. Warren warmly emotional in her plea for sexual depravity as a permissible profession for women. "God help the world," she says at the tag, "when everybody tries to do right."

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Three of Joseph Jefferson's sons, Thomas, Joseph and William, went into their father's profession, beginning small in his company, and preparing to take up his roles when he should lay them down. Thomas chose Rip Van Winkle, practiced it a little before his father's death, and undertook a tour with it afterward. Bob Acres was allotted to William. That left no famous Jefferson role for Joseph Jefferson the second, but he was to have Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and he played it a few times when the father presented "The Rivals." William and Joseph started out last year as Bob and Lucius, and stopped before long, as did Thomas with Rip. Even if Thomas and William had possessed their father's ability to be exquisitely humorous with the two rogues of Irving and Sheridan, it is doubtful if the public would have believed it. So it is that Tom Jefferson no more enacts the Catskill's village ne'er-do-well, who exasperated his wife by mendacity and inebriety, escaped from her to carouse with strange revelers, and got so singularly drunk that he slept twenty years; and William no longer depicts the English rustic who went to London town for a variation of sport, and got into a duel.

But William has shifted himself to a new play which is like "Rip Van Winkle" to the extent of having a husband who leaves his wife to go o' nights with ungodly persons; and with William in this piece is his brother Joseph; also, a son of the Dion Boucicault, who wrote for Jefferson the actable version of Washington Irving's legend of "Rip Van Winkle." Good stage material may have been as scarce then as it is now, but when found it was cheaper. Jefferson paid Boucicault $500, and that was all, for the play that lasted half a century, and yielded a fortune. Irving didn't get one theatrical dollar, because dramatic rights in printed matter were not reservable; nor was there an international copyright law that had prevented Irving from plagiarizing the tale from a German original.

But let's come back to date. "Playing the Game," with which William and the second Joseph Jefferson are striking out from what people regard, with hats doffed, as the Jeffersonian high comedy standard, is the thousandth Frenchy farce in mockery of marriage. The authors are American journalists, to be sure—Cleveland Moffett and Hartley Davis—and the characters are Americans sportively active in New York's Tenderloin, but there is an Ananias husband, with a Sapphira friend, in the everlasting Parisian manner.

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William Jefferson was in Paris once, and I infer that he was an observer of life there in its swiftest velocities. My inference rests upon a story for which I can't vouch. It goes that the youngster telegraphed home for a thousand in haste. The father wired back: "What for?" The son answered: "For Willie." And a money order was cabled. But Willie didn't buy Parisian bad habits with it. He came back and married the delicious little Christie McDonald. What a charming Meenie she would have made in the last portions of "Rip Van Winkle." And I am told that the father was exceedingly fond of her. But a good-enough Meenie was to be hired at $25 a week, while Christie could get $250 in singing roles, and so she is wintering in the "Belle of Mayfair," while Willie acts in "Playing the Game," the conventional young man of conventional farce conventionally. Nor does Aubrey Boucicault evince any heritage of graphic deviltry from his notoriously audacious father. But there is a saving of the new farce by Joe Jefferson the second, to whom fell neithe Rip Van Winkle nor the Bob Acres of Joe Jefferson the first. At the drop of the curtain on the initial act, the knack of Moffett and Hartley to ring any changes on the cracked chime of marital infidelity is unproven; but when the curtain goes up again, a man from Mississippi arrives at the Waldorf-Astoria, and thereafter the four doors of French farce open and shut to new purposes of fun. The American authors have infused American spirit into the incidents; but their work would be futile if that Mississippian were not acted by a good humorist, Beverly Clay, the truly southern gentleman, suh, being caught with a lovely bogus widow, and confronted by her bogus husband, doesn't skulk and sneak, as a stage Frenchman does in a similar predicament, but disarmed the fierce avenger in a jiffy, dominated the situation and made the audience laugh.

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Don't misread me to say that old Joe Jefferson's Rip and Bob are equaled by young Joe Jefferson's Beverly Clay. I am merely telling that New York rejected "Rip Van Winkle" from one Jefferson son and heir, and "The Rivals" from a second, but accepts "Playing the Game," not critically but hilariously, from a third. What do you imagine that the dead Jefferson is thinking if he knows what two of his sons are doing? Well, I once came upon him as he was looking through a pair of eyeholes into a box.

"Take a peep," he said.

I did so, and saw an illumined model of the wreck scene. The dean of American comedians was interested, in a business way, in one of the sensational melodramas of that time; so I guess that the shades of the lovely old gentleman don't frown down on the present Joe and Willie Jefferson, so long as they are selling theatrical amusement at a profit without actual abasement of the family name.

Grand annual ball of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen will be given at I. O. O. F. hall, west of postoffice, Tuesday evening, March 12. Extra large orchestra. Refreshments served free.